

sugar honey sweet

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29313357) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29313357>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream Team RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - College/University , Alternate Universe - Roommates/Housemates , Friends to Lovers , Fluff , Fluff and Humor , Romance , Gift Giving , dream team as roommates , Shenanigans , Getting Together , updates every day til valentines
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-09 Completed: 2021-02-14 Chapters: 6/6 Words: 4400

sugar honey sweet

by [enonymous](#)

Summary

Dream isn't George's sugar daddy. No, really, he's not.

Seriously.

Gift-giving as a love language, or: 5 times Dream bought George something, and 1 time George bought something for him.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

i.

"I want chocolate raisins," George complains into his keyboard, halfway through the 5th consecutive hour of his study session. He's monopolized the kitchen table, his textbooks strewn everywhere and papers scattered haphazardly across the wooden surface, and sullenly, he raises his head to drain the last sip of water from his glass and then thuds his forehead back down, gently, onto his laptop.

ygjuyhjhj, his otherwise empty document reads.

Dream's hand and arm appear in the corner of his vision, snagging his empty glass. "What's with the sudden craving?" he asks, putting it back down, full, a moment later. He sets his hand at the nape of George's neck and rubs gently; tension George hadn't even noticed dissipates under his warm skin, and he revels in it for a moment.

"Comfort food," he mumbles against his keyboard, adding a *bhnnb* to the already nonsensical jumble of letters on his screen. "I deserve it."

"Go out and get some, then," Sapnap calls unhelpfully from where he's been banished to the couch, and George sits up to violently flail an arm in his general direction, tragically dislodging Dream's palm.

"But I have to finish this *essay*," he wails, "and then I have to submit all *gajillion* of my Intro to Databases assignments, and then I have to start the reading for --"

He's honestly so caught up in his little pity party that he doesn't really notice Dream walking away, or grabbing his keys, or opening and closing the front door. But he *does* notice, two and a half paragraphs into his essay later, when Dream drops his keys back onto the counter and sets a package of chocolate raisins by his elbow.

"Huh?" George blinks down at the box, sitting innocently on top of his lecture notes, as he resurfaces from his frantic typing. "Oh- those are my favourite brand," he says, a little dumbly.

"Duh," Dream says, and grins as he tears into them. "Lemme know if you need anything else, mkay?"

"Uhhum," George mumbles absently around a handful of chocolate and sundried raisins, already resuming his typing. "You're the best, Dream."

If he'd been looking up, he'd catch the stunned look that strikes Dream's face right before he hastily excuses himself. As it is, George is too busy furiously opening Wikipedia to try and bullshit ten research sources for his reference page to notice.

But that's where everything *really* starts.

ii.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"What is *taking* you so long?" Sapnap demands, poking his head into the doorway of George's bedroom. George doesn't bother to look at him from where he's digging through his dresser.

"I can't find the sweater I was going to wear," he laments, tossing a grey shirt over his shoulder onto his bed petulantly. Sapnap scoffs at him.

"You're such an e-boy," he laughs, and George raises his head to give him a long, pointed once-over. Sapnap flips him off cheerfully. Dream, the only one among them who's dressed like a human being that's going to the library and not the world's worst tiktok photoshoot, pops his head over Sapnap's.

"Which one were you going to wear?" he asks, as George wheels around to prop his hands on his hips with a put-out sigh.

"My nice blue one," he pouts, "the one with the clouds on it." Sapnap rolls his eyes, which is a really bold action from someone who also regularly dedicates an entire hour to picking his outfit every time they plan on going out; George would call him out on his hypocrisy if he weren't mourning the misplacement of his sweater, despairingly composing a whole new outfit in his head.

Dream grins at him easily, cutting George off before he can banish them from his room so he can start peeling himself out of his shirt. "Here, I'll lend you one of mine. I have a blue one that should be a pretty close match, alright?"

Perking up, George trots after Dream; Sapnap groans theatrically and makes a fuss about waiting by the front door for them, blowing a very mature raspberry back at George when he sticks his tongue out at Sapnap, like the university-age men they are.

In his room, Dream rifles through his closet for a moment before tugging his sweater off the hanger; it's well-worn, ridiculously soft and a little faded, and George smiles despite himself when he pulls it on. It smells like their laundry detergent and underneath that, like Dream, who blinks at him when he emerges from the collar, studying him while he smooths out his hair.

"It looks good on you," he muses, laughing as George strikes a ridiculous pose. "I should get you one, we can match."

George flounders a bit as Dream starts herding him out of his room. "Just lend me this one?" he starts, and Dream prods his cheek until he shuts up.

"It has a hole under the arm," he shrugs, and then Sapnap is shoving them all outside impatiently, so George can't protest any further, and by the time they've doubled back to actually lock the front door because they didn't when they left, he's completely forgotten about it.

So when Dream hands him a cardboard box four days later, he has to stare at it intently for a few seconds and wrack his brain for anything he might have ordered recently online, which is a whole lot of nothing (rent for a three-bedroom so close to the university is expensive, okay,) until he remembers their conversation.

"You *didn't*," George says despairingly. Dream cackles and dances out of his reach when George

tries to hand the package back to him. " *Dream-* "

"Love you, Georgie!" he sing-songs, only laughing louder when Sapnap peeks out of his room to tell them both to shut up. And the sweater is so soft that even though it still has that new-clothes smell George ends up sleeping in it, and Dream grins at him when he catches him stumbling out of his bedroom the next morning.

Smug jerk.

Chapter End Notes

tysm for reading, & ty to everyone that's commented so far!! i could barely make myself wait to post this chapter, asdkjsad.

some projection going on in here .. please i just want george to have a good sense of fashion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream wanders into George's bedroom one night after dinner while he's studying, throwing himself onto George's bed (and half of his study notes), much to George's chagrin.

"Do you ever actually do assignments?" George asks, exasperated, and Dream pretends not to hear him very pointedly. "I have *literally* never seen you study."

"I'm *bored*," he announces instead of answering. Pouty and restless like this, Dream is twice the handful he normally is, so George opts to throw his eraser at his head and ignore him in favour of the textbook he's been staring at. Dream makes his indignant protests, but dutifully passes the eraser back with a grumble when George beckons for it, and sets about getting comfortable; there's audible crinkling as Dream picks through a few of the crumpled sheets of paper he'd landed just shy of.

George's battered notebook, crammed with sticky notes and stray papers and at least half held together with tape, catches his attention from under project notes filled with doodles in the margins. "Jeez," Dream laughs, and George tears his eyes away from his textbook to see Dream curiously leafing through it. "This thing is beat up, how long have you had it?"

"Dream," George sighs, wiggling his fingers again in the universal *gimme* motion. When Dream doesn't comply, deciding instead to flip faster towards the back of the notebook, George leans forward to try and snag it from his grasp. Dream just rolls over, like the jerk that he is, and thumbs through the sparse few unmarked pages left. "Ugh, since last year, okay?"

"You've still got senior year BBT notes, I could tell," Dream teases. "Why'd you keep it? You could have just thrown it out and gotten a new one."

George shrugs and resignedly turns back to his textbook. "I just really liked the texture of the paper, I guess," he says absently as he highlights a line in blue. "And I couldn't find where it came from, 'cause it was a gift, so I'm keeping this one as long as possible before I have to get a different one."

Dream is quiet for a moment, long enough for George to sort of forget he's there, and then with a rustle of fabric he's standing and stretching, t-shirt riding up to expose the tan skin of his stomach. George spins around in his desk chair and resolutely doesn't look, just lightheartedly makes shooing motions until he's out of the room, smothering a smile at the wrinkles in his comforter that Dream had left.

It's a few days later when it appears on the same comforter- brand new and spine still stiff. George gawks at the notebook- partly because *what in the world?* and partly because Dream has made his bed- and opens it hesitantly, running a finger down the first page, reveling in the new-book smell.

In the corner, Dream's drawn a single, tiny smiley face; George smiles back down at it helplessly before he can catch himself.

What a dork.

sat up in a cold sweat realizing my usual update time is usually around an hour ago..
oops!!

ty for reading <3!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George juggles the remainder of his strawberry milkshake and his tragically empty wallet as he trails after Dream and Sapnap through the mall, ducking in between two packs of teens. Ahead, Sapnap is waving his own milkshake with enthusiasm, and George winces as he very nearly takes some Karen's eye out with his straw- and then he winces again, because his wedge sneakers have been killing his ankles for almost 10 minutes.

"Guys," he calls, already making an aggressive beeline to one of the few free benches, mercilessly speeding up to flop down on it before one of the flocks of teens can descend to the space. Dream, armed with his own milkshake, still almost full, slows, and then turns to make his way back to George like a good friend. Sapnap sticks his tongue out and disappears into the crowd. See if George ever saves him a seat again, ungrateful asshole.

"Why do you always wear shoes that make your feet hurt?" Dream asks, amused, as George stretches his ankles with an overdramatic sigh. George rolls his eyes and aims a light kick at Dream's shin, leaning back with a pout.

"Cause I look great, duh," he says, tossing his head. Dream snorts and jostles his shoulder playfully as he flops down next to George, taking a long draw from his milkshake; George swirls the straw around in his own plastic cup, mostly empty, and leans against Dream, content to make fun of passing people- quietly, because they're mean but not *that* mean, ignoring whatever judgmental looks come their way. George squints at the 17th couple that walks by, chewing absently on his straw.

"That must have taken a lot of hair dye," he comments, and Dream turns slightly to look after the taller one- long hair pulled into a ponytail of what must be just about every colour visible to the normal human eye, strolling along with another girl who can only be described as plain, even out of juxtaposition to her colourful companion. They disappear into a store, and George drains the last of his milkshake in a loud, depressing rattle. "Wonder how they ended up together?"

"Probably a crazy story behind that," Dream muses back easily, and turns towards him. "What do you look for in a partner, anyways?"

George blinks at him- the question would be out of place if they hadn't spent the past 10 minutes brutally judging every couple that had the misfortune of walking past them. As it is, he ponders it for a moment, finally pausing in his chewing at the mangled yellow straw of his empty drink.

"I dunno," he says, even though he like, absolutely does, and resists the urge to say *someone who wears highlighter green like an idiot*. Instead, he looks down at his hands, warping the flimsy plastic of his empty shake, and says, mostly joking, a little morose, "I guess... someone who buys me milkshakes when I want?"

Dream stares at him. George, feeling slightly judged, clears his throat, fully prepared to defend his obsession with strawberry milkshakes. "Whatever, whatever. Hey, do you think we can head back around to the milkshake p-

Standing suddenly, Dream snags his empty cup and drops it into the garbage can next to them, already beckoning. "Come on," he says abruptly, "I'll get you another."

George stares at his offered hand for a moment before taking it, allowing himself to be pulled along. “Shouldn’t we wait for Sapnap, too?”

Dream shrugs, already moving through the crowd with George’s hand still clasped in his. “He’ll catch up,” he says, and turns his head to grin at George. “His fault for ditching us, anyways.” Still confused, George lets Dream drag him to the milkshake stand and buy a second milkshake- not that he’s complaining, of course. Dream’s eyes curve with the force of his smile as George takes a sip and lets out a satisfied sigh.

When Sapnap meets back up with them, nearly half an hour later, he puts up a full-blown fuss about Dream buying George milkshakes, but not him. Smugly, George loops his free arm around Dream’s, and grins as he drains the last drop of his drink.

Chapter End Notes

ty for reading! next chapter is.. much longer

edit: omg sorry the last paragraph looked so fucked up for a hot second

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's a Monday when George's laptop well and truly kicks the bucket, because of course it is.

The screen- beat up, scratched, with a patch of dead pixels in the corner that sort of look like a heart if you tilt your head and squint- flickers once and then twice and then goes terribly black. The noisy fan sputters and stops, leaving a stark silence in George's bedroom. Hands still poised over the keys, he blinks at what was just an angry tirade at his group project members.

"Huh," George says, and thinks about the three assignments he has due Wednesday. He lets himself have a full quarter hour to unplug and replug everything, try and fail to not feel very, very sorry from himself, fruitlessly hit the power button no less than 79 times, and blink back tears. Then he opens his phone to slam out the remainder of that angry email, takes some deep breaths, and wanders out of his room to harass Dream into letting him borrow his laptop so he doesn't fail half of his courses.

"What is stopping me from dropping out," George announces as he, in a depressed reversal of what he calls *The Notebook Fiasco*, drops onto Dream's bed while Dream studies. Dream turns away from his laptop, revealing- of course he isn't studying, he's playing Minecraft.

"You paid a lot of money for people to talk at you for several hours a day," Dream says, and George makes a considering noise. "What's wrong?"

George sighs, flails all of his limbs, and then petulantly rolls onto his front and says, almost entirely muffled into Dream's pillow, "My laptop died."

Dream laughs, and a warm hand ruffles his hair playfully. "Georgie, I couldn't understand a word you just said."

George grumbles into Dream's pillow for another few seconds before turning his head a little to mumble, "My laptop died. Just *bleh-ed* on me." He feels the tears he'd manage to skillfully repress prick the corners of his eyes; he allows himself a pathetic sigh before sitting up to blink tearfully at Dream. "Can I borrow yours? I have- assignments. So many assignments. Like, a thousand of them. A million."

Dream is making a baby-soft sad face at him, one that's almost comically tragic, and George mirrors it as Dream's hand returns to his hair, this time gently petting it. "Of course," he says. George makes a sound that conveys his thanks, probably, and lists over sideways to flop back onto Dream's pillow.

"I'm gonna have to pick up so many shifts at the library to save up for a new one," he garbles, mostly to himself, and Dream pats his side consolingly. "Life would be so, so easy if I lived in the woods."

"Like Bigfoot," Dream says, palm a rhythmic tap-tap-tap by his hip.

"Like Bigfoot," George parrots, and finally musters a smile.

Even Sapnap offers him a- only slightly mocking- sad face when he emerges from Dream's room to join them for dinner, having brute-forced his way through most of one of his assignments

already. “You look so dead,” he says by way of greeting as George slumps into his chair, and leans across the table to pull a strand of his hair lightly. “Like your laptop- hey, ow, Dream!”

“Too soon,” Dream says, indignant, and sets a glass of apple juice down in front of George. There’d been a distinct lack of apple juice in the apartment this morning- George blinks at it, then slowly pulls the cup towards himself. Dream grins at him as he takes a sip.

“Man, it’s a laptop,” Sapnap laughs at him, though without any real malice. George sticks his tongue out. “Wasn’t it like, older than my *mom*?”

“It was seven, no,” George rolls his eyes, and Sapnap snorts.

“That’s basically ancient, in laptop years,” he retorts. Dream cuffs him on the head lightly.

“Not all of us drop our laptops daily, Sapnap,” he says, laughing, and George coughs around his apple juice at the face Sapnap pulls at Dream.

“Ugh,” George sighs pitifully after the ensuing tussle dies down, “I’m gonna have to pick up extra shifts to pay for a new one, though.” Sapnap gives an overdramatic shudder.

"Godspeed," he says, and then, because he likes to make George suffer, "aren't exams the week after next?"

George groans and drops his head against the table. Fucking *exams*.

Dream intercepts him on Friday, after nearly a full week of him picking up extra shifts at the library, bouncing between his and Sapnap’s laptops, and desolate moping. Sapnap’s gone to grab them a pizza for dinner, and George sort of just wants to lie down after his eight hour shift; Dream, though, is brandishing his phone with a nervous smile as soon as he closes the front door behind him.

“George,” he sing-songs, distinctly jittery. George waves at him tiredly. "Come here, come with me."

"Dream," George groans, but allows himself to be gently dragged into Dream’s bedroom. Dream sits him down on his bed, and then flops down onto his desk chair with the air of someone who’s about to give a Powerpoint presentation, legs crossed and fingers steepled.

“So,” he drawls, “Did you have a specific laptop in mind to replace yours?”

“Huh,” George says, eloquently.

Dream must (correctly) take this as a no, because he barrels on. “‘Cause I was looking at a few of them, and-”

“I was just,” George cuts him off slowly, “gonna get another really cheap one, to be honest.”

“Ah,” Dream says.

“‘Cause I have like, so little money.”

“About that,” Dream says.

“And I just need it to do school stuff, so,”

“George,” Dream says.

“Mhm?”

“Can I,” Dream says, hesitates, and then all at once, “CanIbuyyouanicerlaptopplease.”

George gives him a bewildered look.

“Can I buy you a nicer laptop,” Dream says, steadily reddening, “please.”

“Oh,” George manages, thinks about how every other sentence out of his mouth this week has been bemoaning his laptop, only mostly jokingly. “Was I actually that annoying about it?”

“What?” Dream asks, startled. “No, it’s just-”

“I don’t need you to, y’know,” George says, and pauses to find the right words. “Feel sorry for me, or whatever, ‘cause I have to work a lot to replace it. I’ll be fine.”

“It’s not that,” Dream blurts, sitting up straighter. “I know you can do it by yourself, I just-”

He cuts himself off abruptly, and George leans back to let him form a full sentence. Looking more embarrassed than George has ever seen him, Dream ducks his chin into his chest and mutters something that’s probably in English, so quietly that George can’t actually tell.

“Dream,” George starts, partly exasperated, mostly fond.

“I like making you happy,” Dream blurts, slams a hand over his mouth, and turns the colour of a firetruck, more or less.

"Oh," George says. " Oh. " Dream makes a quiet, despairing, whining noise and buries his head in his hands. "Dream?"

"Yes," he groans, peeking through his fingers at George. He sounds nervous, ruffled, and George's heart does a funny little swooping thing as he reaches out to wrap his fingers loosely around Dream's wrist, trying to lightly pull it away from his face.

"Dream," he says again. "That was the worst confession in the history of like, forever."

"Shut up," Dream mutters into his palms. "This is so embarrassing, shut up. Who said it was a confession, anyways? Huh?"

"Oh, was it not?" George says around an exaggerated pout, dropping his hand from Dream's arm. Almost immediately, Dream snatches it back.

“It was!” Dream gives George a scowl that’s deeply ineffective, given that he’s still pink up to his ears. “It is. I like making you happy- I like you a lot.”

“Like-like?” George asks, just to be an asshole.

“Are you actually *twelve*,” Dream groans, and George laughs.

“Dream,” he says, heart light and full, “I like-like you, too.”

The responding incredulous cheer is loud enough to wake their neighbours.

("Don't buy me a laptop," George tells Dream, exasperated, when his *boyfriend* suddenly bolts out of their impromptu cuddle session to show George the options he'd been looking at. The kicked-puppy look Dream sends him is absolutely ridiculous.

"It's just..." Dream says morosely, "if you go for another cheap one, we're never going to get to play Minecraft together."

George laughs so hard he almost cries.)

Chapter End Notes

this chapter is so much fuckin longer than all the rest. also yes, dream Did have a powerpoint with various laptop options and their pros and cons,

when will someone buy me a nice laptop so we can play mc together, smh

almost there! last chapter will be up tomorrow!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Once again sprawled across their dining table- though tragically limited to half, as Sapnap had thrown an entire fit to claim a portion of it- George hums as he scrolls through his essay, scanning for errors. Across from him, Sapnap is squinting at one of his notebooks, brow scrunched up ridiculously; if George wasn't so worried about the fact that he has to turn this paper in in less than 15 minutes, he'd take a picture.

Dream wanders back into the kitchen, the same way he's been doing periodically ever since both of his roommates entered their respective typing and studying stupors. He grabs George's empty glass wordlessly; when he sets it back down, now filled, at George's elbow, George smiles up at him.

"This feels familiar," he jokes, and takes a sip; the water is cool relief on his parched throat. "Thanks, Dream."

Dream ruffles his hair affectionately. "No problem, baby," he replies, beaming bright as the sun.

Sapnap jolts like he's been struck by a live wire, slamming his hand down on the table. The sudden motion startles George badly enough that he almost drops his glass and ruins his nice new laptop, and he hurries to set it down out of the danger zone. The two stare wide-eyed over at Sapnap, who has the air of a man slightly unhinged as he points accusingly at them.

"I knew it!" he declares triumphantly. "I knew there was a sugar baby thing going on here!"

George throws his eraser at him, hard enough for it to bounce back halfway across the table off Sapnap's forehead as Dream descends into hysterics.

"Shut up!" he yelps over Dream's laughter, but the severity of it disappears as Sapnap's laughter joins Dream's, and then all three of them are gone, a fresh wave of giggling rising every time they so much as look at each other, assignment and studying completely forgotten.

(George gets his assignment in on time- but it's a near thing. He blames Dream entirely.)

George's bedroom door slams open so hard that it bounces off the doorstep; George doesn't actually look up from where he's tap-tap-tapping away at his phone, too busy trying to complete his in-game daily commissions. Dream swans in and out of both his and Sapnap's bedrooms unprompted on the daily, even more so now that they're officially dating (dating! George's heart sing-songs), so George is fully prepared to let him do his own Dream-y thing in peace.

Dream, though, doesn't come flop down next to George like he's sort of hoping he would; instead, he stops at George's bedside, looming in a way that can only be described as "ominous" at best and "frightening" at worst, so with no small amount of vexation, George pauses the game to turn his eyes to his boyfriend.

The look on Dream's face stops whatever it was that George was going to say as a greeting in his

throat.

"George," Dream starts as George blinks up at him, concerned and confused in equal measure. "Was this- did you put this on my desk?"

Dream raises his hands. Cupped between them is a tiny white doll, a silly-looking blob thing that has a smiley drawn across the face. George stares at it for a moment before he deflates, relieved.

"Yeah," he smiles up at Dream, already hunting one-handed through his tangled comforter for where he'd dropped his phone. "I was at the thrift store and I saw it, it reminded me of you."

"You got this for me?" Dream asks, voice cracking somewhere in the middle of the question. In any other scenario George would tease him for it without mercy, but Dream touches the doll's little face with his finger, gently, and he sort of looks like he might cry. Suddenly embarrassed, George ducks his head.

"It was like, fifty cents," he says, shrugging with fake nonchalance, and then, "I'm glad you like it."

"I love it," Dream says honestly, and leans over to kiss the top of George's head, who bears it with only a grumble. "I love you."

"I know, I know," George rolls his eyes, entire face warm. He scoots forward, leaving a space between his back and the headboard, and waves his phone. "Wanna watch me play?"

Dream pretends to contemplate his options, one hand raised to his chin. "Only if he gets to sit next to us," Dream says, motioning with the doll, even though he's already clambering behind George, radiating warmth. George leans back against him.

"He can stay," he says as Dream's arms settle around him, "but only 'cause I love you, too."

The next kiss Dream plants in his hair is loud, obnoxious, and hopelessly cute; George twists to kiss him properly, grinning the whole time, and forgets about his game entirely.

Chapter End Notes

honestly huge shout-out to ThatEmoGinger for bringing up the idea that the + 1 was a ring; sorry to disappoint!! i really wanted to make it something small, bc most of my all time favourite gifts have been little trinkets people got me (mostly from thrift stores, yes). also, i didn't think of it...

the game george is playing is genshin impact. help me, it's consumed my life

thanks for sticking around and reading! happy valentine's day

!!

End Notes

thanks for reading! this fic was started back when my friend bought me the dream youtooz

(yes, it took me this long to write..)

i personally think their love languages would be gifts - words of affirmation - quality time - physical contact - acts of service for dream, and physical contact - quality time - acts of service - gifts - words of affirmation for george, or something like that. love languages are fun!

title is from *tangerine* by glass animals - *hands, knees, please, tangerine, sugar, honey, sweet / got what i need, tangerine*

find me on [twitter](#) and [tumblr](#)! leave me a comment if you enjoyed? it would be a real sweet valentine's treat <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!